

WHEELMEN ATTENTION!  
"HOW I DO IT!"  
BY THE MAN WHO BEATS BICYCLES  
NEXT SUNDAY'S JOURNAL  
DON'T MISS IT.

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER.

A NEW YORKER'S THRILLING LATE  
PROVING THAT  
TRUTH IS WILDER THAN FICTION  
NEXT SUNDAY'S JOURNAL.  
READ IT.

NO. 5,378.

Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.—NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1897.—14 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York; Elsewhere, and Jersey City, TWO CENTS.

## SUPPLIES FOR MINERS GIVE OUT

No More Outfits to Be Had at Juneau and Dyea.

MANY WILL TURN BACK.

Those Without Provisions Must Sail Home or Wait for Spring.

FORT WRANGLE DESERTED.

Men of the Place Packed the Traders' Stocks and Started for the Klondyke.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S THIRD LETTER.

The Journal's First Expedition Sailing Through Thousands of Hudson Views in Bright Sunshine at 10 P. M.

By Joaquin Miller.

The Duke of Clarence Straits, Alaska, July 30, 1897.—Ten o'clock, and the sun is still shining on the snow-dappled hills and peaks of Alaska. The huge black hills right and left are as spotted as Ja-

of them will not go to bed to-night; many will not sleep.

Crazy for Klondyke News.

Strange, a pathetic scene took place a little time ago. In the midst of all this stillness, solitude, night and majesty of Nature we met a steamer, the Alki, of San Francisco, coming right upon us out of the clouds and snow. She had come from Dyea, the nearest possible point for ships to the Mecca of all good gold hunting. She came straight on as if to take us in her arms. Feeling there was news, and good news, for all, she lay right alongside. The great ships ground their sides together. Our eager gold hunters came on the decks by the hundreds.

"News! News! What is the news from Klondyke?"  
Not the ghost of news from there, good or bad. Thousands had gone forward and down the great river Yukon, but not a single one had returned. A good sign, perhaps, but it was as if questioning the dead. And they were so few and so reserved and faint of speech and action compared to our own great big-hearted and open-handed men begging for news from the gold fields that it was as if we had landed Chiron's ship and demanded the secrets of his dead. Only one bit of news did they have to tell, and that was doleful enough. Not a bit of bacon or bread at the trading posts ahead of us, and the Klondyke, where there are plenty of supplies at some price, away over from Juneau, on and on, hundreds of miles beyond the glittering mountains of the snow before us.

No Outfits at the Posts.  
Men looked each other in the face, for many of the miners in their haste forward had brought no supplies at all, but expected to outfit at the posts and the base of the mountains, and that is why some will not sleep to-night. They will have to turn back or wait for the traders' ships to come from far away. It would seem that more men have gone into the mines by this mountain route than had been believed. Yet, think how many are coming.

We hear that ships by the score had been chartered, and every berth taken in them by the time we were setting out. They will be along here the next week or the next, and likely enough lots of them like

## MRS. ANGELL NEVER SAW JAY GOULD.

Lawyer Melville Brown Swears She Told Him So on Oath.

AN AMAZING DEPOSITION

"I Never Told Mrs. Cody That I Married Gould," Says Mrs. Angell.

"I SIGNED PAPERS FOR HER."

Scene Between the "Widow" and the Woman Who Worked Up the Case.

MARY ANN LOVES HER DAUGHTER

And She Told Her Lawyer That Any Money From the Suit Would Go to Help Her Child.

It looks very much as if Mrs. Sarah Ann Angell's suit to prove herself Jay Gould's widow was simply annihilated by a deposition filed in the County Clerk's office here yesterday. In it Melville C. Brown swears that, not more than two years ago, Mrs. Angell declared to him that she had never even seen Jay Gould. Mr. Brown is a lawyer who has been United States District Attorney for the State of Washington and Mayor of Laramie City. So, it would seem, he is entirely credible.

He swears, besides, that Mrs. Angell, who has been seeking millions of dollars from the Gould estate, said to him, in the presence of Mrs. Margaret E. Cody, of Denver, Col., a prominent figure in this case, "I never told Mrs. Cody I had been married to Jay Gould. There is the woman to whom I gave the papers and for whom I signed them."

And yet more, Mr. Brown solemnly swears: "As I went out of the door she said to me with tears in her eyes, 'As God is my Judge, I have told you the truth. I was never married to Jay Gould, never saw him in my life.'"  
This important deposition plainly shows why this old Mary Ann Angell was content to let the suit go on.

If I get any money out of it," Mr. Brown swears, "I'll help my daughter. I'll do all I can for her." And again: "My daughter is the only thing I have on earth."

Some Facts to Be Considered.  
Now here are some interesting facts. Mr. Brown swears Mrs. Angell told him she signed papers for Mrs. Cody, to whom she never told she married Jay Gould.

Court records prove that, in consideration of \$1, Mrs. Angell transferred all her right, title and interest in the Gould estate to Amasa J. Parker, Jr., of Albany, N. Y., and Margaret E. Cody, of Denver, Col.

Perhaps old Mrs. Angell thought of her daughter after making the conveyance. For she brought suit to set it aside last August as having been obtained by undue influence. When this suit was begun Walter E. Ward, of Albany, Mrs. Angell's lawyer, spoke of those interested in the deed as speculators.

It must be understood that depositions in the suit are taken all over the country by commissioners appointed by the Supreme Court here. Melville C. Brown lives in Saranac City, and his deposition was taken there. He was born in Maine, but for thirty years has lived in the State of Washington. In July, 1895, he was counsel for Mrs. John F. Pierce, Mrs. Angell's daughter, who lives at Rock Springs, Wyo. That month he went to Mrs. Angell's home at Rouse's Point, N. Y., to learn all about Mrs. Angell's marriage to Jay Gould, on which to base another suit. According to Mr. Brown, Mrs. Angell was a very large woman, "not quite so broad as she was tall." The deposition continues:

"I explained to Mrs. Angell that her daughter believed herself to be the child of Mrs. Angell by marriage with Jay Gould," said Brown, "and asked Mrs. Angell whether she had given birth to the child of Jay Gould. She told me she had not, but said: 'Tell Mary Jane (her daughter) that she was born in lawful wedlock, and that her father was a Mr. De Russé.'"

"I was very much surprised by the answer, and said to Mrs. Angell that I had come from her daughter's lawyer, and that her daughter believed herself to be a daughter of Jay Gould."  
"I explained that the matter was one of the greatest importance to her daughter. I wanted her to state the exact truth."

Never Married Jay Gould.  
"She then repeated what she said before, that she had never been married to Mr. Gould, and that she had never claimed to anybody that she had," she said. She had been told by Mrs. Cody and her lawyer's attorney that if she would sign papers brought to her that she would recover for her a very large sum of money from the Gould estate, and that she signed the papers because of their representations. She told me she never said to Mrs. Cody that she had been married to Mr. Gould, and for whom I signed them."

"I then repeated to Mrs. Cody what Mrs. Angell had said. Mrs. Cody became very much excited, and, walking up and down the room and wringing her hands, said that she would be denounced and advertised all over the country as a blackmailer, and insisted to her (Mrs. Cody) that she had been married to Gould."

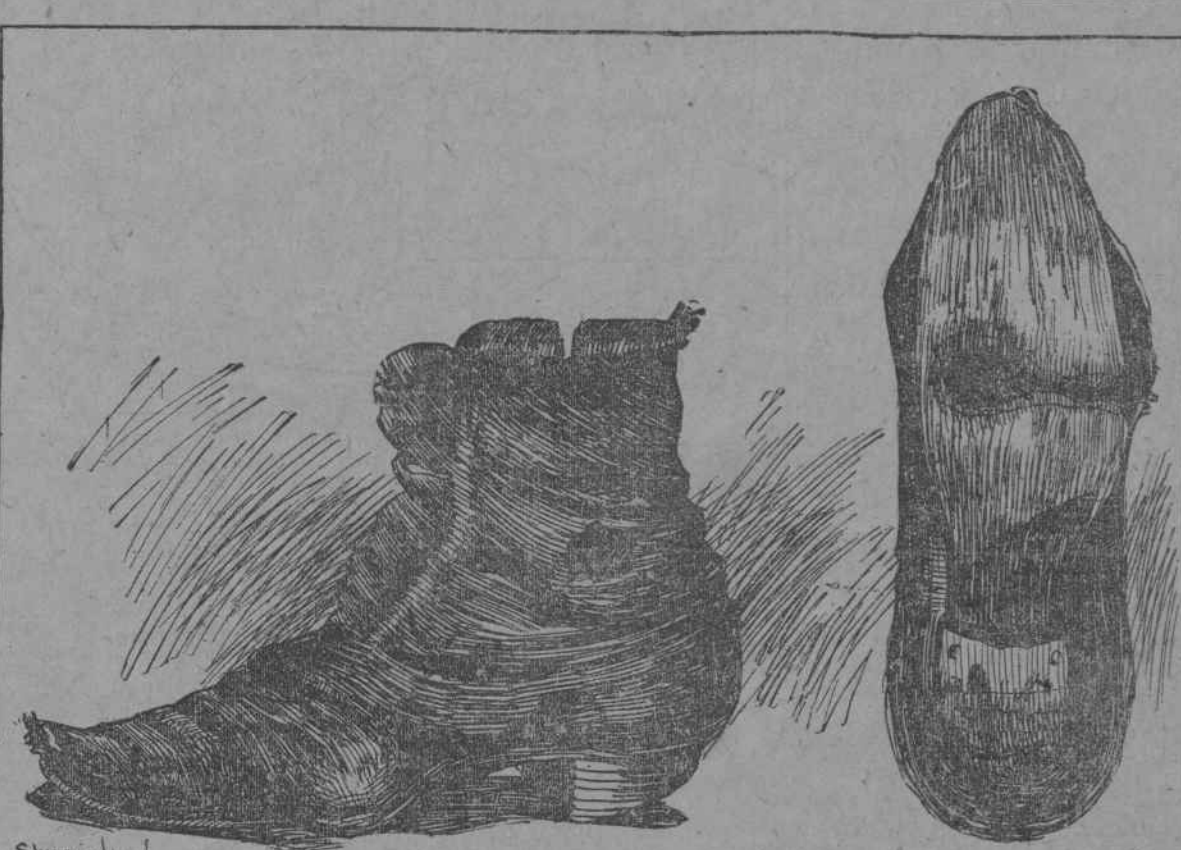
"Mrs. Angell, in a fierce and determined manner, said to Mrs. Cody: 'I never repeated any such thing to you. It is a lie and you know it.' Using some very strong language, and making many threats, she came from my daughter. She is the only human being on earth I love, and I shall tell him the whole truth. I don't care what you say or do.'"

A Marriage Certificate.  
Mr. Brown, in his deposition, goes on to say that Mrs. Cody then left the house in an excited manner. Then he read to Mrs. Angell a copy of a marriage certificate that he had, purporting that she had been married to Jay Gould in New York City at the home of an uncle named Brown. The certificate was signed "J. H. Hanks" and dated 1893.

"Mrs. Angell, in a fierce and determined manner, said to Mrs. Angell that she never lived in New York, never had been there, never saw Jay Gould in her life and never had in her possession any such paper as he read to her."

She told him she was married in 1883 to a Mr. De Russé, at Rouse's Point, by Rev. Mr. Leighton, a Presbyterian clergyman, and was not married to Jay Gould or any other person than De Russé.

It may be here stated that in the course of this suit Mrs. Angell has declared Rev.



Shoes Worn by Starving Mamie McCarthy in Her Search for Food.

Mr. Leighton married her to Jay Gould in 1883. The old minister lives now at Tunkhannock, Pa., where his testimony touching the marriage was taken. He could not remember it.

The deed executed last year. The deed in which Mrs. Angell for \$1 transferred all the millions to which a real dowry right in the Gould estate would entitle her arrived at the Register's office here last August for record. It was sent on by H. M. Orin, of Denver, one of a firm of lawyers of which Senator Henry M. Teller is the senior member. It was an ordinary warranty deed, executed July 1, 1896, at Rouse's Point, and started with the assertion that the grantor is the widow of Jay Gould, deceased, late of the City of New York.

It was then alleged that the three entered into an agreement. Mrs. Cody was to secure evidence, Park was to bring suit as counsel, and Speer, who is a lawyer, was to act in an advisory capacity. Mrs. Cody went on the hunt for evidence. She is a forceful woman. She told several witnesses to talk only to her, and the power of the court had to be invoked to open their lips.

On July 1, 1896, Mrs. Cody and Mr. Parker went to Mrs. Angell's home and took with them James B. Stearns, a lawyer and notary public, of Rouse's Point. Mr. Ward said Mrs. Angell was told she must execute the deed to successfully prosecute the lawsuit against the Gould heirs. And Mrs. Angell signed.

BURIED TREASURE FOUND.  
Klondyke Dreams Led Heinichel to Dig Up a Beautiful Antique Silver Urn.

Kingston, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The tales that Michael Heinichel, of Stephen street, read in the newspapers regarding the fabulous wealth of the Klondyke gave him the gold fever in a most aggravated form. Late in his sleep has been disturbed nights by dreams, in which he always figured as the lucky miner. Wednesday night he had a vision that was particularly vivid.

"Dig deep into the ground," he was commanded, "and you will find a certain gold." When he awoke he took a shovel and went to the woods near his home, where he dreamed he had been in the night, and securing a clear place began to dig.

He had made but a small hole when his shovel struck a hard substance, which, when uncovered, proved to be a rock. It was removed with difficulty, and then there was revealed to him a small cavity in which reposed a large silver urn, badly discolored but heavy in weight, being of the purest silver. When polished the urn was beautiful, being handsomely engraved and covered with quaint inscriptions in some strange characters that cannot be deciphered.

It is supposed that the urn belonged to a wealthy Dutch family who, when Kingston was burned by the British, resided near the spot, and that it was buried for fear the English soldiers would loot the house and steal it.

Much silverware is thought to be buried near the spot where the urn was unearthed, and many persons searched for the treasure to-day.

WEBBS COMING HOME.  
They Are on One Steamer and the Countess of Aberdeen is on Another, Bound for New York.

Southampton, Aug. 6.—Among those who are booked to sail for New York on board the American Line steamer Paris is the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, and her children.

Liverpool, Aug. 6.—The White Star Line steamer Tontine, which sailed from here on Wednesday, had among her passengers Mr. Seward Webb and Mrs. Webb.

ANOTHER ANDREE PIGEON.  
This Time the Bird Is Caught in Austria and Has an Alleged Message from the Balloonist.

Paris, Aug. 6.—The Gaudes says that a pigeon, bearing instructions regarding Professor Andree's balloon expedition across the North Pole, has been captured at Gröden, near Goritz, twenty-two miles from Trieste, in Austria-Hungary.

## CHAPMAN'S "SUB" SAYS HE'D SHOOT.

Policeman who Arrested His Wife Would Have To Die.

ISSUES SOME ORDERS.

Sergeant McDermott Wants Much Care Taken to Avoid Mistakes in Arrests.

I have instructed every man that he must make no possible mistake in any arrest that he may make. I told one of my men to-night that if a policeman should arrest my wife I would kill him, and I believe almost any husband would do the same.

Sergeant John McDermott is now acting captain of the Tenderloin Police Station in the temporary absence of Captain Chapman. He has notions of his own about the arrest of women at night and they are hardly in accord with those of Captain Chapman.

Sergeant McDermott has exhorted his men to make no error in capturing belated women. He thinks it dangerous. Some wife might be dragged to a cell and the husband might have a gun. According to Sergeant McDermott, he thinks the husband would be justified in using it on the policeman who made the arrest. Therefore he has taken occasion to impress on the minds of Chapman's men the importance of exercising great care and judgment in taking women to cells for being in the streets late at night.

Sergeant McDermott was appointed a patrolman on the New York police force, April 27, 1875, three days before his twenty-second birthday. Superintendent Walling was then at the head of the department, and young McDermott got his early training under that sturdy and vigorous disciplinarian.

After six years of duty in the Twentieth and the Sixteenth precincts, McDermott was put in charge of the harbor police, and because, as he says, "a deep sea cop," it was during his service in this branch of the department that he attained his sergeant's chevrons.

Captain McDermott, as he is now called, made a record for active and vigorous service in many of the precincts in which he served. Particular attention was called to him for his raid of "The Allen's old place at No. 575 West Broadway several years ago and there are a number of other cocky stunts to his account.

When asked last night as to how near his policy would be compared to that of Captain Chapman, he said: "A certain knock has to be kept on the women of this city, and I propose that the laws shall be enforced as nearly right as possible. I do not believe that they should run the precinct and I do not propose that they shall, so long as I am here."

"On the other hand, I have instructed every man that he must make no possible mistake in any arrest that he may make. I told one of my men to-night that if a policeman should arrest my wife, I would kill him, and I believe almost any husband would do the same. But it is a thing to be remembered so far in the history of Captain Chapman's career, no husband has yet appeared to make complaint against the department on behalf of his wife in this matter."

"The Raines Law hotel I shall keep under strict surveillance, and all the laws will be carried out to the best of my ability while I am in charge of this precinct."

RUNAWAY ON CYCLE PATH  
Driver Thrown from Wagon and a Small Boy Run Down and Badly Bruised.

A runaway horse dashed along Glenmore avenue, Brooklyn, at 9:30 last night, when that cycle path was crowded with wheelmen. There were many narrow escapes, and one child—Willie Siebert, ten years old, of No. 137 Snydam street—was run down and lay unconscious on the street. Patrick Fitzgerald, of No. 57 Pennsylvania avenue, the owner of the horse, was badly bruised.

Fitzgerald was driving a spirited mare home after a spin down the Boulevard. When he reached Glenmore and Miller avenues, his front wheel locked with the front wheel of a carriage going in the opposite direction. Fitzgerald was thrown out of the wagon by the force of the collision, and his horse dashed away down Glenmore avenue. The driver of the other carriage was unhurt and whipped up his horse and escaped. The runaway was pursued by bicycle policeman Louis Purcell and a crowd of amateur searchers.

The horse was fired by the time it reached the city line, and the bicycle policeman rode up alongside and seized the rein. The animal pulled the officer from his wheel, but he managed to hold her.

## COLLISION AT NEWPORT.

August Belmont's Launch Suffers Slightly and One Boat Is Cut in Halves.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 6.—There were some

## STARVED TO DEATH; A GIRL IN NEW YORK.

But Seventeen Years Old, and No One Knew Her Misery.

HER BROTHER'S EFFORTS.

He, Too, Was Nearly Perishing from Hunger When Help Came.

TOO PROUD TO ASK ALMS.

Awful Struggle of an Orphaned Boy and His Sister to Keep Alive in New York.

HIS PLEDGE TO A DYING MOTHER.

Charles McCarthy, the Brother, Still Lives, and the Journal Will Keep His Sister from a Pauper's Grave.

"Acute peritonitis, superinduced by starvation," so reads the Coroner's certificate in the case of Mary Mc-



Mamie McCarthy, Who Starved to Death, Being Too Proud to Beg.

lively times in Newport harbor this morning as the yachts were preparing to go outside for the start on the run to Vineyard Haven, and it is a wonder that nothing of a more serious nature occurred.

Mr. August Belmont came in from his ship Minerva to the yacht club land, for some guests, having to pick his way between yachts. As he was coming in the steam yacht Cypher, owned by Boston parties, went crashing into the launch of the steam yacht Ballymena, owned by J. Nicholas Brown, cutting the launch in halves. As the boats sheered off one of them struck the smokestack of Mr. Belmont's launch, badly denting it, but the force of the collision was not enough to cause any injury.

In the launch were two of a crew and some trunks and wraps belonging to Mr. J. Nicholas Brown and a party of guests. A boat was sent from the steam yacht Josephine and everything recovered.



(Dal)

Joseph Brown her Gould Angell.

mark

## Mrs. Angell, Who Says She Is Jay Gould's Widow.

Melville C. Brown, a former United States District-Attorney for the State of New York, swears that during some business transactions he had with her about two years ago, Mrs. Sarah Ann Angell told him she had never even seen the late Jay Gould, whose widow she claims to be.

cob's cattle. Steep canyons of snow pelted down almost to the water's edge here in the last days of July. We are passing away from under the path of the sun. It is already cool, cold, a savor of frost in the air from the fields of snow about us, above us.

We are standing up a mighty gorge, a vast, still river, wide and dolorous, deep, as one might imagine the river of death. Not a sound, not a sign of anything at all save the croak and shifting of our own ship, or now and then a splash of a young salmon breaking the glassy surface of the great river. It is simply a great view, the greatest of tide views it seems from Seattle up to this point in the heart of South Alaska—a thousand Hudson views, with peaks and palisades set and encircled with everlasting snow.

Snow Peaks and Black Forests.

All the day that is behind us the snow peaks and black forests of Prince of Wales Island lifted like the Sierras between us and the Pacific, a continuous and unbroken chain. To the right snow and clouds and snow lighted up the bleak steeps and peaks, and blazed as the sun battled for supremacy as in some majestic dream—awful, fearful as not of earth. One needs to coin new words, words that are brighter, bigger, keener than common words to describe even a single day in Alaska.

Even now, long past 10 p. m., the tired and vanquished sun reaches a sword of silver through the black trees to the west, and at last lies silently along the still waters at our feet in sign of reluctant surrender.

Sitka, the capital of Alaska, lies over yonder away out on the farther reach of an arm of land, seventy miles away. June, or Juneau, if you insist on the waste of ink, lies a little further along up the mighty Klondyke river. The Klondyke is not nearly a thousand miles further away than the 49th souls on this one

some of our boys will have no supplies at all, and then? Of course, there can be no suffering. There is plenty in the loads of the more provident, and these waters are always open and ships go up and down all the year. It is not like finding this state of things on the other side of the mountain, but it may make delays for a number of bold, good men, who have neither patience nor money to spare.

At the site of old Fort Wrangle—named after a Russian Governor who founded it long ago—we find the few stores also short of supplies, every man having loaded himself with supplies and pushed over the pass to the mines, leaving the stores empty. The fever is high, and the faith in the mines is great, and the men whom I spoke to laughed at the idea of any inconvenience attending a want of supplies at Wrangle.

Like Old Times at Wrangle.

"Reminds us of old times," said the captain of the new steamer, "for you must know that gold mines in Alaska is no new thing. The river putting in here at Wrangle was once a very rich stream. Twenty years ago it was populous with miners, and much gold was washed from its bed and banks. In fact, the Russians mined gold in Alaska more than a hundred years ago and not many years after its discovery by Bering in 1741. In working the heavy hydraulic mines not far from Sitka the American miners give you undisputed evidence that the ground had been worked very thoroughly long years before."

I find a great many new facts as I go forward, concerning the mines, both old and new, here in Alaska. For example, I find that the famous Treadwell mine, with the largest stamp mill in the world, is, even with all its millions of output, far from being the best paying mine in the world, or even in Alaska. I find that there are mines almost within a stone's throw of the Treadwell, paying many times as much to the stamp as the Treadwell.

Continued on Second Page.